

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but weele set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be ourselves.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we wil change after we leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the none, to immask our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

*Poy.* Well, for two of them I know them to be as true bred cow ardes as euer turnd back; & for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what exterminities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the iest.

*Prin.* Wel, Ile go with thee, provide vs al thinges necessary, and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile supper farewell.

*Po.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Poines.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnyokt humor of your Idlenesse  
Yet herein wil I immitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beauty from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted he may be more wondred at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.  
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothinge pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

*Henry the fourth*

By how much better then my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright mettell on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.  
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,*

*Sir Walter Blunt with others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too colde and temperate  
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,  
And you haue found me, for accordingly  
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe,  
Mighty, and to be feared, then my condition  
Which hath beene smooth as oyle, soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soule nere payes but to the proud.  
*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,  
And that same greatnes too, which our owne hands  
Haue holpe to make so portly.

*Nor.* My Lord

*King.* Worcester get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye,  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure  
The moody frontier of a seruant brow,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need  
Your vse and counsel, we shall send for you.  
You were about to speake.

*Exit Wor.*

*Nor.* Yea my good Lord,  
Those prisoners in your Highnes name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,  
Were as he sayes, not with such strength denied,  
As is deliuered to your Maiesty,  
Either enuy therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my sonne.

B 2

*Hot.*